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Stealing Me

[ghosts,](#) [trapped,](#) [sacrifice](#)

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Chapter 1 by MysticShadow

I stare at the house before me, the building suddenly morphing into a vast abyss of obstacles. Once again I was forced to do this job by myself as my partner, Simon, had overindulged in his partying last night. Our company specialized in the cleaning of houses where violent deaths occurred or any deaths for that matter.

We registered our company in human waste disposal, and we were doing splendidly for ourselves. My friend Simon thought it would be funny to call our company 'Body Shots' and won the heated argument in the end. I lean on the steering wheel and stare at the brick and mortar in front of me, wondering for the millionth time if this was what I wanted to do for the rest of my life.

Until a few months ago, I had no idea how in demand our company would become and even had less knowledge about the violence that occurred in and around our city. I remember our first job; it had been one for the books. A woman that had eaten herself to death had exploded, leaving bits and pieces of herself all over the floor. Maybe not explode, but the mess left behind did resemble a small war field of blood and an assortment of bodily fluids.

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on the boxes. I look down to my clipboard and read the personal details again, hoping I may have missed something.

Case: #1745

Deceased's Name: Lilly James

Age & Gender: 25 Female

Next of Kin: None

I stop reading, unhappy to find that I have not misread anything. So who had done all this? And why would they pack everything? Burglars I could understand, but this made no sense. I feel my earlier feeling of trepidation rising, my heart fluttering around like a butterfly as I step deeper into the house. Dreading the next part, but fully comprehending I had to do this, I open my mouth to voice the question if someone was there, praying nothing echoed back.

Chapter 3 by Jelly Roll



Hello???? Nobody was there. The place was clean so far as I could tell from the front door. Drip, echo, Drip, echo, sounded like someone didn't tighten a leaky faucet in the kitchen.

I cautiously stepped down the long hallway to where the sound was coming from, but the olden hardwood floors gave me away. Might as well hurry up.

The hallway and kitchen were fine...no sign of any violence. That's a relief.

As I reached for the faucet the dripping water was making a puddle in the sink of a light brown color. And there from the rubber guard on the disposal was the tip of a finger, a man's finger! I put my gloves on and pulled out 2/3 of a working man's right hand.

Wait, wasn't the decease a female? Lilly Jean or James or something?

Chapter 4 by Nathan Zilora



So cautiously, I picked up the hand and baged it. I opened one of the cabinets, and suddenly, I

saw a head in there, looking strait at me. I closed it, scared out of my mind. I re-opened it, just a jar of Nutela, my mind was playin' on me. See more of Story Wars

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These were normal thoughts on the job, though usually I had the opportunity to share it with my friend. Moving to the basement, I couldn't shake the feeling that someone was watching me.

As I slowly stepped down the crooked steps, everything was very neat, apart from a body on the floor, it was clean. You might think I would be more surprised, but that was apart of my job, my job was to dispose of bodys, and I assume this was another one. I turned around to get the body bag I left in the kitchen. When I went back down, to my surprise,

The body wasn't there

Chapter 5 by MysticShadow



"Okay, okay, calm down. There must be a logical explanation for this."

I brush my hand through my hair, my heart skipping a few beats as I inch closer to where the body had been moments ago. Black marks criss-cross outward, a thin layer of dust spiraling around in the light, and in the middle, a small golden locket rested.

My eyes roam the basement, darkened corners, and strange shadows my only companions down here. I look back down.

"FFUUUCCKKK!"

I bolt upright, tripping over my feet in my haste to move away from it. My breathing came in ragged gasp fills, my eyes wide and filled with terror as I stare at the thing in front of me. It twitches, one of its arms twisting backward, while a symphony of snaps fills my ears.

"I'm outa here!"

I turn around, bolting up the stairs. The door, my beacon of freedom gleams bright and inviting. I feel hope blossom in my chest. I reach the top of the stairs breathing heavily. I grab the doorknob and was about to pull myself from this nightmare when that thing appeared in front of me

We stare at each other and I can't see more of Story Wars or before me

Chapter 6 by Zoe Plattner

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Eight years ago, I started dreaming. Just occasionally, at first, but then more and more frequently, until my visions consumed not only my sleeping hours, but my waking ones. It was always the same; the fear, the anguish, the loathing... and in some deep dark corner of my soul, the same quiet joy. I would stay up for hours, not wanting to sleep, not wanting to dream. But my hopeful mind always betrayed me. And the dreams always came. Or maybe they were simply always there.

And now, here it was. Right in front of my scared, disbelieving eyes. A nightmare; straight out of one of those old wives tales where the damsel is betrayed, and burned at the stake, and her prince is never seen again.

The creature was mass of body parts; legs, ears, tongues; all sewn together like some transformer from hell. Black blood oozed slowly from deep gashes in it's pockmarked skin, canyons of pus and gore spilling and erupting from where the stitching had burst. It looked at me with half a dozen eyes, probing into my very soul. I stood there, my limbs frozen with fear and hatred, watching it watch me. And then, slowly, painfully slowly, the creature, the THING, with one of it's hands, reached deep into it's own flesh, and dragged out a golden locket.

Chapter 7 by Avathon



I blurred, me eyes grew so heavy and my peripheral vision shrank. I felt nauseous as I collapsed.

Wet. My feet are wet. Got to wake up. It is easy to open my eyes but can't say the same for moving my hands. Tied. My wrists are tied in steel chains above my head. The air down here is heavy, dense, filled with moisture and dust. The basement. There is water almost a feet deep on the floor. My trousers are soaked but I couldn't care less.

There he stood by a bench fool of tools. His back facing me. Abnormal back. Inhuman. The thing's limbs were placed out of order upon its rotten flesh, the smell spreading by its body was enough to make me nauseous again but I gathered my wits.

He was chopping something. I could see the hand saw moving held by it's claws. He stopped and turned its head. He, for it must be a he, took close steps towards me. He left the handsaw upon the floor. It was in my ankle. I looked lower only to witness a chopped limb. Poor girl.

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"Are you rrrready?" a hissing, spitting question came out from his torn apart mouth.

"Ready for..." I got panicked... Oooo my God I can't die here at this basement... why me... what is...

"Rrrready for donationsss!!! Whoever comes in here musssst pay a trrrribute to the housse owner!" the monster said and while he was uttering his phrase he let down the girl's leg and reached back for the golden locket. When he found it he bent upon his bench again looking for something.

"You sssee... I got chopped... The policeman mumbled nonsense as he was shhhooting me... *drinking problem, beats his wife*, the bassstard... he forgot to mention that he wassss dating her. Why keep shhhhooting me after he killed me??? That maniac... He tore my body aparrrt with hisss shotgun. But I woke up again." He finally stopped searching, "I had to claim back the partsss I lossst... Now I have all and just stitch the rest hahahahha". He finally ended his frantic speech and turned to face me. He was now holding the locket and a screwdriver.

"I haven't done anything to you!" I cried out in panic, my heart was bouncing, ready to explode out of my chest and I could feel my muscles upon my neck tighten.

"You are a trespasser! Thisss iss my housse!!! I will slaughter as I did to my wife and her lover. You sssee, he had given her a locket, for a pressssent you sssee?? *You never had bought me a present!* she wassss saying, but now here I am, offering you a gift, as I did to that girl over there." He was saying while passing the locket around my neck.

I could feel his wet, cold, coated in blood skin touching mine and I almost paralyzed. My heart had almost froze to death. I couldn't even close my eyes... Petrified... His screwdriver was closing in my mouth, sliding through my lips, touching my tongue. Pressure. Then... the pain.

"Fuck fuck fuck fuck, she is gonna kill me soooo much. Have been late for a whole hour. I am coming Jess!" Simon was saying to his self as he had parked his car and was approaching the door

"Hope you left something for me" See more of Story Wars "good pieces for ya" Simon mumbled as he touched the door handle

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Then he heard a scream, Short and forced into silence, but also so intense and filled with agony and primitive instinct of fear. But the worst... the voice sounded familiar. And it came right behind this door.

"OOOO DAMN!" Simon cursed and ran to his car.

Moments later he was storming through the door with a pistol loaded at his hands.

"Hold on champ, hold on" he thought and headed deeper in the living room...

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